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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

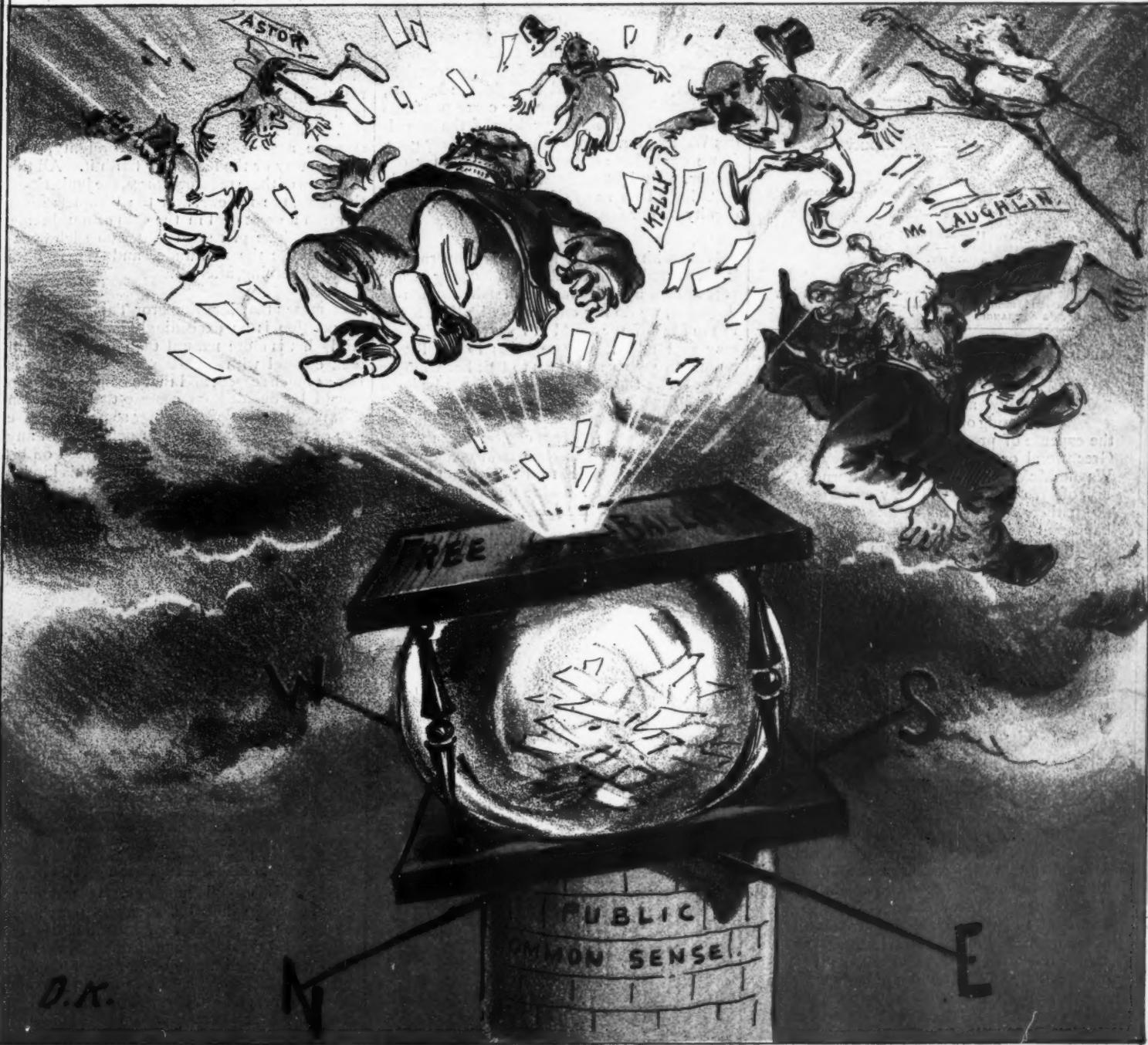
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BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.

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FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 167.

PUCKOGRAPH No. 7,

BY JOSEPH KEPPLER,

which accompanies this number as a gratuitous supplement, is that of

W. T. SHERMAN,

THE GREAT GENERAL OF OUR SMALL ARMY.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We are not millionaires, our expenses are heavy, and there is a hard winter coming on; but we will gladly assume the expense of providing a nice little tomb in Greenwood or Arlington, if Attorney General Wayne McVeagh and District Attorney Corkhill of Washington will only consent to lie down there, side by side, like the two little babes in the wood, and remain in a recumbent position while the years roll on and the world goes round, and the breed of Government lawyers continues to improve. We have no objection to telling our readers what it is that has unsealed the fountains of our generosity. It is the beautiful novelty with which the two great trials just now before the public have, so far, been treated. There has been an originality in the handling of the Government's case in both instances which rivals the methods obtaining in the court of Judge Lynch.

There was once a creditor who went to seek his debtor and assail him with a club. He found the debtor's house, and he sat down before the back door. The debtor went out the front door, and started on a pleasure trip to Kamtschatka. When the creditor's attention was called to this, he was not at all depressed; but cheerily remarked: "Oh, that's all right. I was expecting that all along. That's the reason I went to the back door. I want to have him understand that I can sit at a door as well as the next man. Oh, I'm a terror at sitting before a door!" Almost anybody would admit that the quiet tomb would be an appropriate residence for a man of that sort—a place where he would feel himself at home, and would have no fear of coming in contact with

the rude, rough, unappreciative world. The tactics of Mr. McVeagh, as explained by Mr. George Bliss, in the *New York World*, of November 11th, remind us strongly of the manners and customs of that creditor.

* * *

It certainly does seem that the United States might go into court with a clear case against a thief or a murderer and avoid the disgrace of having its representatives thrown out of court for ignorance of the law. We have no doubt Mr. McVeagh meant well, but meant-well is a poor horse in a hard race. As to District Attorney Corkhill—well, he too may have meant well; but it would take more eloquent ingenuity than he possesses and a better official record than he has made to get us to think so.

* * *

General W. T. Sherman is a grizzled warrior in whom the American people have great confidence. This is probably a pleasant reflection to General Sherman; but we fail to see that it yields him any more substantial benefit. He is in supreme command of an army which might almost be engineered by a lieutenant of marines. With a handful of poor straggling tramps—no, not tramps, for a tramp never gets down to soldiering in the United States Army if he can help it—with a handful of poor over-worked wretches, he is expected to fight the Indians, and is criticized by newspaper correspondents if he fails to sprinkle the prairies of the boundless West with a proper amount of dusky gore. If we can't have decent fortifications for our harbor, we might at least have a respectable imitation of an army, if only to keep up the dignity of our favorite General.

* * *

What with the queer law of our Government lawyers, and the ridiculous inadequacy of our precautions against warlike attack, foreign or domestic, we do not cut a very dignified figure in the eyes of the world at large; and Europe may well add two more items to the list of points on which she loves to twit her younger sister. The European of to-day firmly believes that all Americans live in hotels or boarding-houses; that their children all drink mixed drinks and smoke strong cigars; that the raw Irish "servant-girl" is exported to America in large numbers, only to be blown up with kerosene, misused for kindling the fire; that

ANOTHER VICTIM.



DISAPPOINTED BURGLAR:—"Bill an' me was goin' to crack that there crib ter-morrer night!"

the Fifth Avenue swell and the Wall Street banker walk about our metropolis with revolvers in their hip-pockets, that, in short, our habits are awful, and manners we have none. Probably, if our transatlantic friends could trace the sources from which they derived these impressions, they would find that a good many of them sprung from the one Yankee Nation of which our friends on the other side have really no idea—the Great American Joke—used too often, we fear, to the mystification of a literal-minded world.

* * *

When we do any prophesying, we generally give our readers an extra fine article; but we rather beat our own record last week. We prophesied that the election in Brooklyn would be the beginning of the end for the bosses, and it has turned out to be not only the beginning, but something well along into the middle section of the end for those objectionable gentlemen. That useful institution, the ballot-box, has let out its charge of free votes, and blown a large aperture through the body politic of Bossism. It is getting to be clear even to the Brooklyn intellect that the bosses must go.

* * *

And the European bosses—the emperors, kings and potentates must go too. The days of royalty are over. What exists now has no real political influence, for the people are paramount. Monarchy is a shadow of its former self. The French Revolution commenced the struggle against hereditary sovereignty, and this century or the next may finish it. All the meetings of these regal creatures, the junketings, the fêtes, the reviews, and the banquets seem to mean a great deal in the eyes of unthinking persons. The glare and glitter on such occasions dazzle the multitude, and yet it does mean something, after all.

* * *

It means that Mr. Emperor This thinks that his position is an exceedingly precarious one. And what is more natural than that he should seek counsel with Mr. Emperor That, who is just as much scared, and that a course of action should be decided on against their common enemy—the people? It is now some time since one of these self-constituted rulers has had any glass-bombing or shooting concentrated on his august person, and a little affair of this kind is about due, and is awaited with anxiety. These monarchs and their meetings remind us of sheep, who always huddle together before a storm, until it passes over. But it will not pass over quickly. Autocratic institutions may linger yet a little; but they are doomed, and humanity will then have its rights.

* * *

"The End of New York," the realistic story published in FICTION, has excited a great deal of comment. The *New York Graphic*, the *Army and Navy Journal*, the *Express*, and a number of country papers having devoted editorials to the subject. The *Herald* settles the question of our defences in its own unique and inimitable way. In referring to the proposed new navy, it says:

No European fleet sent to attack our ports could get over here in less than a month, and after it got on our coast, it could hope to do us damage only by a sudden attack, which torpedoes can safely ward off. Prolonged operations would be impossible on this coast to a European squadron, because the ships would get out of coal.

Now, this is simple nonsense. Of what avail would our torpedoes be, when an enemy's vessel out at sea, with eighty or hundred-ton guns, could throw shells into this city and destroy it from a distance of twelve or fourteen miles? The *Herald*, before expressing its opinions on ships and gunnery, should learn a little about these matters, and should begin the study by reading, marking, learning and inwardly digesting "The End of New York."

CHANGE EXERCISE.

I entered a stage, one morning, at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, with the intention of going straight to Fulton Ferry. There was no other person in the vehicle, and I ensconced myself comfortably in the corner, opened my *Sun* and commenced to read. The streets were muddy, as it had rained during the night, and there were slight showers at intervals.

I do not often ride in stages; but I wished to be carried direct to the ferry this morning, so I patronized this mode of locomotion. Little did I think what was before me, and the opportunity I should have of studying several varieties of human nature.

I had read about twenty lines of the paper, when the stage came to a stop at Thirty-eighth Street, and a pretty, graceful young girl made an attempt to get in. My innate gallantry would not permit me to sit quietly under such circumstances, so I rose and helped her to a seat. She had an umbrella in one hand, her purse in the other, and a small parcel under her arm. She was so sweet in appearance, seemed so full of gentleness, that I at once felt an interest in her.

She found a dollar bill with which to pay her fare. I could not allow her to do this herself. I took the money from her shapely fingers, and as I did so, the roses on her cheeks bloomed an additional bloom. I handed her the change, and settled down to my paper in my cosy corner.

The stage again stopped—this time at Thirtieth Street—and three middle-aged ladies appeared, evidently bound on a shopping expedition. Their umbrellas were wet, for a shower had just begun. Each carried a bag. I politely rose to act as conductor for the proprietors of the stage. There was a discussion as to which of them should pay the fare.

"Take this five-dollar bill," said one.

"No, Mrs. Scrums," said the second: "you paid the last time, it's my turn now," as she held out a trade dollar.

"I've got change," screamed the third: "here's a quarter."

I took the quarter, which had a hole in it, and sounded the gong, to intimate to the driver that change was required. I sat down for a moment. The gong sounded, angrily. I tried to hear what the driver had to say, denting my new hat in the process. Something was evidently wrong.

"So you're one of the chaps as is passin' off counterfeits, are you? What d'ye mean by handin' me a bad quarter? I dessay them ladies gave you a good un. If I had time, I'd just hand you over to the police. They're after you, I'll bet, you infernal old snoozer!"

I explained the situation to the ladies, and felt heartily ashamed of myself, especially when I saw the fresh young girl looking at me in surprise. I snatched the trade dollar and paid the three fares, not without sundry remarks of the driver to the effect that he wondered that wasn't a bad one.

More women got in, and I continued to do an excellent morning's work in paying fares and making change. It seemed as if this stage were made especially for the softer sex, for no man got in to assist me in my labors. I had not the slightest idea of the news of the day, for I had read but a dozen lines or so since leaving my house.

The driver seemed to know how matters stood, and never lost an opportunity of saying disagreeable things. He had never forgotten the bad quarter, with a hole in it to make it look genuine, that I had passed to him. He always made me pull the gong two or three times, and would then start the stage suddenly; so that, when I arrived at Fulton Ferry, my hat

looked like a battered tomato-can. I lifted babies; I held umbrellas; I steadied ladies getting both in and out; I pulled the strap; I put up and let down windows until I was completely exhausted, as I was obliged to give up my seat at least half-a-dozen times to ladies with bundles and bird-cages. What a relief it was to get on board the ferry-boat! And I began to think how much less trouble I should have had if each stage had its own conductor, and I had not been forced into the service of the proprietors without pay.

ZIMMERMAN BURTON.

AN OFFICE-BOY SPEAKS.

I am a guileless office-boy of sentiment and soul,
And that is why it makes me sad to have to carry coal,
To set the office stove aglow, and make the kettle sing,
And garner all the ashes with an ancient turkey's wing.

Each day I have to sweep the floor, and beat the dusty
mat,
And run about and pay the checks and currycomb
the cat,
And fetch the noonday can of beer, and trim the greasy
lamps,
Address the yellow envelopes, and lick the postage
stamps.

The man who pays me glides around with highfalutin
pomp,
And if I walk across the room he tells me not to romp;
He casts on me tyrannic frowns if I but sing or speak,
And all the shekels I receive is dollars two per week.

My driver is a horsey swell, and wears a diamond pin,
An ulster checked, and he is up in all the ways of sin;
A man who at Manhattan Beach will purchase pools, elate,
And lay his utmost ducat on a straddle or a straight.

If I have nothing on my hands, that man will quickly
yell:
"Go forth and see my lady-love and ask her if she's
well!"
Or else I have to fold my arms and sit upon a stool,
And look just like the little boy who loves his Sunday-
school.

I have to brush his overcoat ere thought of home he
woos,
And with a feather-duster bang his pantaloons and
shoes;
And with his daily marketing I have to homeward hop,
While foam the cabbage and the beet above the basket-
top.

Oh, give me back the happy days, the days I used to know,
When down beside old Skinner's mill I used to fishing go;
When pins, adroitly bended, made the teacher start and
jump,
And I soaked the silken tom-cat in the spittle of the pump.

I'd like to stone the hornet's nest, and club the taurus frog,
And sing like sweet Theocritus, and own a fighting-dog;
And walk the wood where sleepy winds set flower-scents
afloat,
And throw the subtle brickbat at the unsuspecting goat.

I'd wander by the brooklet in the daisy-sprinkled dell,
I'd lug the berry-bucket for my little playmate Nell;
And boost her in the branches long before the pail was
full,
To dodge the ministrations of the brindled Durham bull.

What bliss once more to hookey play and loaf around the
town,
And think how fine to run away and be a circus-clown,
A pirate, or a burglar; these professions were my joy
Before I evoluted to a woful office-boy,

Oh, take me back, oh, take me back unto my boyhood
home,
And from its fragrant precincts let me never, never roam;
But stay there, where the pine-trees on the hill-top weirdly
moan,
Where small boys hunt the muskrat and the broker is
unknown.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AYSCOUGH-ASKEW.
Three fishes there were of Ayscough;
And when there were fishes but fough,
They longed for the tides,
With their nets by their sides,
And cried: "We have nothing to dough."

Puckeyings.

TAMMANY HALL is not killed yet, nor even Scotched, but is certainly Irished.

WHERE THERE are wills there are ways to defeat a Tammany candidate for Surrogate.

NO WONDER that Mr. Astor's campaign was a Waterloo—the champagne and gin ran too high.

PEOPLE THOUGHT the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark A 1; but it was really R O 10.

THE GUSHING young lady who is musical thinks her lover an X-tra fine fellow if he takes her to hear Patti.

WHAT A pity it is that the Star Routers could steal in so many ways, and the law will allow them to be prosecuted in but one way.

GUTEAU is confident that he will be acquitted. Guteau, we think, must have dictated some of Dr. Bliss's official bulletins.

THE BUILDING BUREAU of New York ought to be at once amalgamated with the Bank Examining Bureau at Washington. Both reach similar results by different methods.

THERE IS no bath-tub for convicts at Sing Sing Prison. Neither is there any demand among them for \$10 Patti concert tickets or choice vintages of Château Lafitte.

THIS STAR ROUTE business could be easily settled and all the accused be got out of trouble, if the Government would only induce a bank-examiner to inspect the accounts, and would then act upon his report.

THE MADDEST man around these parts is the individual who goes to the closet for his overshoes, and discovers that his wife gave them to the hired man last summer to work up into pump-suckers.

HINDOO GIRLS, says the *St. James's Gazette*, are taught to think of marriage almost as soon as they can talk. It is the same with American girls, and they usually contrive to keep up the conversation until long after they are grown up.

ONE OF the richest heiresses in Germany is the Countess Solms, a baby only a year old. If America wants to keep up its reputation for bagging heiresses, as in the Bartlett-Coutts case, why can't we secure Miss Solms for Peter Cooper?

BARON VON MUELLER, a botanist, says that in Australia there are trees 480 feet high. It would be interesting to have some information as to the height of the Baron's imagination and the depth of the whiskey in the average Australian bar-tumbler.

THE MAYOR-ELECT of Brooklyn refused to pay for his election. It is this kind of thing that makes us doubt the advantage of having a vote and being an American citizen. It has been left for Brooklyn and Mr. Seth Low to go back on all the cherished traditions of American municipal politics.

THE GLADIOLE has hauled in its horns, and the mignonette has retired, and the tulip has rung down the curtain. Therefore the garden-hose has been wound up and stowed in the carriage-house, and when the boy of the place wants to play on a passer and make him sad, he has to resort to a bean-shooter.

VENIT HESPERUS.

So evening bringeth, say they, all things home;
Note an exception: He whom here I sing,
When all of other cattle stallward roam,
Remains a-field, the clerk called Managing.

Hours after, when, like laverock in the "lift,"
(One-half is Scotch, and t'other Anglo-mad,) The elevator-man to sing makes shift
His "one more trip," still thirsts his blotting-pad.

Hours after, when its several good-night
The office says, from senior to sub-cub,
He trims at Duty's fane his lonely light,
Companied but by myrmidons that scrub.

By some sad phantom of warm sirloin beckoned,
His thoughts flee northward o'er long leagues of roof
To peace, these voices 'yond in Ninety-Second,
Whence must this flesh, too solid, hold aloof.

He knows up-town parquet and box are filling,
(He fills the pigeon-holes that stand a-row);
Iago's freezing, or Carmen is thrilling
The souls of gods above, of men below.

Up to his eyrie rolls a lessening thunder,
Up to his eyrie from the gleaming flags
Of Broadway, where, he knows, six stories under,
The last division of life's army lags.

Gains 'gainst all losses. Heaven hath compensations;
What holdeth earth more utter than to dine
At "all night" prices, and on "all night" rations,
When the Tall Tower announces half-past nine?
CAPTAIN FRACASSE.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXVIII.

AMERICAN DEFENCES.



Ya-as, Jack has been verwy much interwested lately in the condition o' the Amerwican warships, artillerwy and fortifications. As a militarwy man, he naturwally knows all about it, and he informs me, much to my surprize, that the countwy is not pwotected the aw least bit. Any fourth or fiftwe powah, if it had a quarwel with Amerwica, could send half-a-dozen iwon-clad cwaft, with a few guns, to dwopshot and shell into aw New York and destwoy all the pwoerty it contains.

Jack Carnegie informs me that Amerwicans could do absolutely nothing to pwevent it. He says that they have no army, no navy, no guns, no machinerwy faw manufaceturwing them, no aw—nothing.

I asked Jack how he accounted faw such a curwiou condition of affai-ahs. He weplied he didn't know, but he was undah the impewssion that a verwy fai-ah sum of money had been appwopriated faw the purpose of putting the United States Navy in pwopah twim; but it had all been fwittered away by the Amerwican First Lord of the Admirawalty, and by some pwivate and political fwends of his who were interwested in contwacts faw pwoviding the ships with parwaphernalia and aw materwiaw which they nevah got, faw some unaccountable weason or othah.

Now it appe-ahs that the Amerwicans who have a little pwoperty are beginning to get fwightened, and Congwess, I believe, pwoposes to pacify these fellows by wecommendung the constwuction of severwal new vessels. But Jack tells me that the wecommendations are all wong, and some of them particularly absurd, and it may be ye-ahs befaw anything is done, if these pwoposals should be adopted.

I shouwd not be in the least surpvised to be arwoused fwom my slumbahs, one fine morning, by a horwid smell of gunpowdah, and to find bombshells and othah aw pwojectiles bursting

TRYING THE ECHO.



HEBRAIC TOURIST.—“Dinkelpiel!”
ECHO [confused].—“Minzesheimer!”

and cwashing in everwy street, owing to there having been a sudden declarwation of war with Amerwica on the part of some inferwiah for-weigh powah—inferwiah in wishes, but stwong in iwon-clads armed with twemendous guns which can thow shot among New York stwuctures fwom miles out at sea.

And yet Amerwicans west quietly in fancied security aw.

ART.

When an artist slaps a lot of cobalt on the canvas, and mashes it up like dough, and wipes it around with a sponge, and sleeps on it, and uses it as a dog-blanket and a towel, the blue becomes so mixed and chaotic that no one knows what it means, if it means any thing, which it doesn't. Then he calls it a nocturne in navy-blue, and puts it in a fifty-dollar frame and exhibits it. After it has been exposed to the public gaze about two weeks the Art world is crazy about it, and a new artist is announced. The painter takes advantage of the excitement, and sells his work for fifty thousand dollars. Then he sues a critic who proclaims it unmeaning rubbish, and gets so much free advertising that he is made. If people were only as ignorant of soft-soap as they are of painting, then the grocery business would hold forth the highest honors, and a grocer's clerk would be lionized in society, and gazed upon on the street as though he were a major-general, a prime-minister or an advertising-agent.

TO ONE ILL-FAVORED.

Had Eve been as ugly as you,
From all sin we'd exempt her,
For then had her beauty ne'er tempt-
Ed the Tempter to tempt her.

TRANSFORMATION.

In the “Arabian Nights,” for truth it passes,
Queen Labe turned her lovers into asses:
Miss Blank's queer taste a different way dis-
covers,
Preferring to turn asses into lovers.

BIRDSEYE.

SEE WORCESTER.

There was a young man from Dubuque,
Who rejoiced in the Cognomen Luque.
He went over the sea,
“Some punkins” to bea;
And sure enough, the Queen made him a Duque.
S.

A man whom the people call Moir
At the theatre sat in the foir;
He was ejected one night
For raising a fight.
By the way, too, that man was a loir.

A young hunter who once killed a Chamois,
Skinned the poor beast and said: “Damois,
I'll get out on the road
And take this whole load
In a wagon straight home to me mamois.”

A man who lived out in Dun D
Remarked that he never could C
A good reason Y
A yellow cat's I
So extended at midnight should B.

A majestic old bird called a gnu
Was fond of a good oyster stu;
But one night in his coop
He was attacked by the croop,
And now he has nothing to dgu.

T. C. S.

There was a young maiden of Quogue,
Who always was scared at a frogue;
She saw one one day
As she went out to play,
And homeward she quickly did jogue.

THOS. M. BARR.

There was a sexton, Milne,*
Had on his thumb a fine.
The fine was sore,
And Milne swore—
But it's not nice to divilne. E. B. B.

* Scotch pronunciation.

NOTHING LIKE "RISING FROM THE RANKS."



WHAT MOST OF OUR POLITICIANS MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE, A FEW YEARS BACK, ACCORDING TO THEIR SPEECHES.

POTENT REASONS.

(A Leaf from the History of a Queen Anne Tramp.)

An aged tramp, who looked as though he had walked from Cincinnati on an empty stomach, strolled into a fashionable church up-town last Sunday, and took a seat near the door. He seemed to enjoy the service very much, and as the congregation was passing out an elderly man, with white hair and green spectacles, stepped up to him and said:

"I am glad to see you here."

The tramp grasped his clothes with both hands, to keep them from blowing off.

"Do you like this place of worship?" inquired the deacon, in tones of expectation.

"I do, indeed," said the tramp: "I think it's fine. I like the chromo windows, and the style of the gent with side-boards and a clean biled surplice."

"Did the sermon please you?"

"It did," responded the tramp, wiping his forehead with his hat: "especially when he got on the home-stretch, and spoke of the folly of working like a canal-mule to lay up shekels."

"Then you do not believe in work?" asked the deacon.

"Most emphatically I do not. I like to lie on a bank of flowers and note the tender harmonies of Nature and reflect on the vanity of human ambition, and the brevity of life and the emptiness of fame and glory. I like your preacher's views, and I'd like to know him better."

"Then you have traveled here to hear him?"

"No, sir; I never heard of him before."

"Then, how did you happen to come in?"

"Why," said the tramp, looking at the ground and drawing his toes back into his shoes so that they would not show: "I just dropped in to have a good solid rest on a cushioned seat, for I was tired; then I desired to get warm, for I was cold, having breakfasted on ice; and I also desired to toast my feet over the register, for I was obliged to jump into a pond this morning to escape from a bulldog."

Then, while the deacon looked as bleak and barren as a seaside farm in mid-winter, the tramp said *au revoir*, and went lightly on his way.

THE ULSTERLESS MAN.

It is good to eat and it is good to drink,
And rightly to enjoy the world's good cheer,
Courageously to laugh when cold winds blow
And snowflakes hide the grasses of the year;
But sad to face the sharp and nipping air
And miss that ulster Simpson has in care.

'Tis a delight to mark the ripe nuts fall
When glistening frosts upon the meadows lie,
To watch the pigeons as they skyward soar,
And sweet it is to eat them in a pie—
Although you're thinking, with a vacant air,
That good ulster Simpson has in care.

Comrades, this heavy lesson take to heart:
Do not too often let your elbow bend;
Do not with foul tobacco cloud your brain,
Else you dead-broke will go, without a friend.
Stake not too many shekels on a pair,
Lest you your ulster leave in Simpson's care.

There's old-time comfort in a blazing fire,
When tempests beat upon the glowing pane,
To watch the shifting pictures in its light
And listen to the sobbing of the rain;
Yet through these musings creeping unaware,
Like Banquo's ghost arising from its chair,
I see that ulster in my uncle's care. — GEOFREY.

FRENCH EXERCISE.

For Those Attending Balls.—After Ollendorff's Method.

Are you going to the ball this evening?
Yes, sir, I am going to the ball this evening;
but my wife has a bad cold.

Have you the dance-card?

No, I have not the dance-card; but I have
the bouquet of flowers and the silk dress.

Where is the Minister's wife?

The Minister's wife is on the platform talking
to the Governor of the State.

Have you seen the wife of the Chargé d'Affaires?

Yes, I have seen the wife of the Chargé
d'Affaires and the daughter of the ex-Governor.

Is the daughter of the clergyman pretty?

Yes, the daughter of the clergyman is pretty.

Have you the black and white silk dress?

No, I have not the black and white silk
dress; but the daughter of the banker has the
pink and blue dress, and the wife of the stock-
broker has the white satin dress.

Is the Judge handsome?

No, the Judge is not handsome; but the
daughter of the ice merchant has a tulle dress.

Is that (*celui-là*) the undertaker?

No, that is not the undertaker; but it is the
candidate for Assembly. The beautiful lady
has a mauve dress and red shoes, but the
Major-General of Militia has a dress suit.

Is the supper good?

No, the supper is not good, and the wine is
execrable.

Where is the sensible man?

The sensible man has gone to bed, and the
ten-dollar bill is in his pocket.

THE GIRL AND THE HOUR.

When a virgin pert and flirty,
Who's a-virgin' onto thirty,
Sports the spitcurls of a maiden in her teens,
She begins to feel Time's power,
And resolves that, come the hour
Of proposal, she will know just what it means.
Oh, if ever comes that hour,
On her brow no frown will lower,
For she now has learned to play her cards so clever;
And to know that her right bower
Must be played that very hour—
'Tis an hour that's to prove a now or never.

JOHN ALERO.

AT A SYMPHONY CONCERT.

LOVE'S PENANCE.

"Oh, dear me," said Eva: "why don't you put those wretched election-returns aside for a few minutes and take me to some theatre this evening?"

Intent upon my political researches, I muttered something about the figures from the twelve election districts of the Nineteenth Assembly District being missing, and nine townships in Tompkins County not being heard from, and was silent.

"Well, then, take me to a concert."

I protested that Music was a divine art, and that a contemplation of election-returns unfitted me for a full appreciation of its beauties.

She said that she adored Music; that the man who did not enjoy it was unworthy of the name of man, and need never expect to find shelter in the smallest corner of her heart.

"Corner in heart" caught me. I said:

"I have been trying to make a corner in yours, Eva, for some time past. This, then, is my opportunity. Yes, we will go to the concert."

"How delightful," she said: "I will run and dress. It is a symphony."

Reader, believe me, I realized what was in store for us. But I said nothing and walked beside her as happy as a schoolboy who gets a half-holiday without expecting it.

Men are selfish, anyway, I thought. It will give her pleasure. She will be admired. Her friends will see her. It is noble to sacrifice oneself for the pleasure of one we love.

The concert was what is called a symphony. The music was written by a man named Berlioz. He had no collaborators or assistants. On the stage was an orchestra of about seventy. I noticed violins, violincellos, trombones, clarionets, oboes, bassoons, a bass-drum, a snare-drum, a harp, a piano, four or five flutes, a reed organ, a pair of cymbals, a fife, a triangle, two cornets, a hautboy, a guitar, a complete set of church-bells, a gong, a concertina, an accordion and two bagpipes. The leader wore white cotton gloves and carried a wand. His hair was long. He seemed to have Berlioz on his mind and Mozart in his hair.

I felt like a prisoner. Eva was radiant. There was considerable rubbing and scraping of bows.

"Hush," she said: "they are going to begin."

I consulted my programme, and there read the following:

A young musician, morbidly sensitive, and possessing an ardent imagination, seeks to poison himself with opium in a moment of despairing love. But the narcotic, instead of ending his life, plunges him into a heavy sleep attended by the most singular visions, during which his diseased brain transforms feelings, sentiments and recollections into musical images and ideas.

At a wave of the leader's baton there was a loud noise on the oboe, which was echoed on

the triangle. This lasted some moments. Then the snare-drum broke in, and I realized that the morbidly sensitive young musician was about to die. His drinking of the opium was described on the cymbals by a shuffling noise, such as a rhinoceros might make in crushing through a jungle, and then came sleep—musically described. All the instruments started up discordantly, the din being enough to awake the most profound slumberer. There were a few convulsive blasts from the cornet, a rattling of the bagpipes, and then a sort of musical pandemonium which lasted several minutes. This typified the hero's dream. It must have been a nightmare.

"Exquisite!" said Eva. There were salvoes of applause. The man in the cotton gloves bowed, and resumed his seat. I heard about me such remarks as these: "Berlioz lives;" "The master has spoken;" "Is it not wonderful?" "Homer would have given the eyes out of his head to hear it." (N.B.—Homer was blind.) The audience was spell-bound. The man at the snare-drum wiped his forehead with a red handkerchief. "This is what I call work," he said.

"What was that, Eva?" I asked.

"That was the prelude."

"What comes next?"

"Why, the introductory, stupid," she answered.

I examined my programme. There I read the following:

REVERIES, PASSIONS.

At first he recalls that sickness of the soul, that vague passion, that causeless joy and melancholy, which he felt before he saw her whom he loves; and then the volcanic love with which she at once inspires him, its delirious anguish, its jealous fury, its tenderness, its religious consolations.

The man in the white cotton gloves ascended the auctioneer's block. He said: "Tempo." The bow-strings began to agitate. The first violin played a dirge, accompanied by the harp. This was to describe "causeless joy." Then the trombone gave some variations on melancholy. Suddenly there was a clamor. The whole seventy took part. The bass-violin man scraped all the rosin from his strings. The man in the cotton gloves waved his hands and arms like a drowning person. I thought his dress-coat would split. Then he raised his right hand. Silence fell on the orchestra. The triangle man, however, continued to beat his bars. This indicated "volcanic love." I had expected to be lifted up from my seat by the depth of the emotion.

There was a sudden diversion by the snare-drum, which was beaten vigorously to the accompaniment of a concertina. I looked at my programme, and saw "delirious anguish." Then the man with the fife played a few shrill notes in a plaintive strain, which I saw was "jealous fury." The triangle man dropped his bars and rushed over to the church-bells, which he began ringing furiously. It sounded like the signal of the itinerant knife-and-scissors sharpener. This was "religious consolation."

When the bell had ceased to sound, the audience clapped its hands, and the man in the white cotton gloves bowed his acknowledgements.

"Magnificent!" "He has the true spirit of Berlioz." "The fife was sympathetic." "We recognize the master." These were the expressions I heard about me.

"It is too glorious for anything!" said Eva: "How his soul responds to the inspiration of the composer! He is simply lovely!"

"Do you mean that 'guy' with the cotton gloves?" I asked, incredulously.

AT THE BALL.

He again encounters the beloved one, at a ball, in the tumult of a brilliant festival.

"Did the young musician go to the ball that evening?" I asked, perhaps flippantly.

There was a unanimous "Hush." The man in the cotton gloves had resumed possession of his auctioneer's block. The violincellos played a little dance music, and then the others joined in. It sounded more to me like a rattle than a brilliant festival; when, presto! there were three sturdy strokes of the bass-drum.

"He is getting his hat-checks," I whispered to Eva.

An usher swooped down upon me like a hawk upon his prey. He warned me to keep quiet. The audience stood 999 to 1 against me. I subsided. Meanwhile, the man in the white cotton gloves was describing semi-circles with his arms and kicking his foot against the music-stand. Perspiration formed on the brows of the instrumentalists and rolled down their faces in hot streams. The leader brought down his wand diagonally, and the uproar stopped. The applause of the audience was deafening. I said to Eva:

"This takes the cake."

The usher glanced at me suspiciously. Eva was enraptured. She said:

"You noticed the delicate phrasing, did you not, dear?"

"Oh, yes," said I: "I noticed it. Berlioz is the boss."

Those around me shuddered audibly. I felt that I had stultified myself, and yet had gained nothing by it.

There was a delay of some minutes, during which the orchestra arranged their instruments and the audience whispered softly. All eyes were turned toward the man with the cotton gloves. Eva seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. The leader resumed his stand. He was going to begin again. I consulted once more the programme:

SCENE IN THE FIELDS.

A summer evening, in the country. He hears two shepherds singing a pastoral. The time, the place, the light rustling of leaves softly agitated by the wind, the hope he has lately begun to entertain, everything combines to soothe his heart into a state of unusual tranquility, and to give a more cheerful coloring to his fancies; but she appears again, his heart contracts, sorrowful presents agitate it. One of the shepherds again commences his simple song, but the other does not answer. The sun sinks—a distant roll of thunder—an avalanche—solitude—silence.

"Ah," I said: "here is a chance for a descriptive rendering. At a motion of the leader's arms four fiddlers began operations. It sounded like the wind whirling on a winter's night. Then the bassoon, hitherto at rest, was heard, and a disconsolate "pastoral" was played. The rustling of the leaves was represented by the banging of the bass-drum. A squeak from the fife announced her appearance. The fiddlers resumed playing with a lively movement, which I thought would snap the strings. Then the bassoon man resumed his sad pastoral, and the sun went down with some taps of the snare-drum. A shrill treble on the oboe announced a thunder-clap, and I observed a man in the corner depicting the sweep of the avalanche with his triangle. Silence was obtained by a swelling noise from all the brass instruments. The leader wiped his brow and the musicians gasped for breath. There were muffled shouts of: "It is ecstasy!" "Berlioz lives!" "Recalls Grisi!" "How unutterably touching!"

I said to Eva: "The fellow seems to be an ass. If he loves the girl, what is he doing out in the fields?"

She said: "You have no soul for music."

The man in the cotton gloves then reappeared and went through a number of gymnastic exercises. The harp, cymbal, oboe and triangle responded. Each man seemed to be playing an independent selection. A string on one of the violins snapped suddenly. I thought that winter had been reached, and that this was descriptive of the hero's slipping on the ice. The programme came to my rescue:

THE MARCH TO THE SCAFFOLD.

He dreams that he has killed the woman he loves, that he is condemned to death, and conducted to the place of execution. The procession advances to the sound of a march that is now sombre and fierce, then brilliant yet solemn, and in which the dull noise of heavy footsteps succeeds, without any transition, to the most noisy shouts.

The musicians worked vigorously with their implements. They produced an abominable discord. The audience was delighted. The leader acted like a madman. I said: "If his foot slips, Berlioz is gone." Towards the end the clarionet man called out: "Hi, hi, hi!" It was drowned in applause.

"What was that?" I asked Eva.

"The noisy shouts," she said. When the marching of the procession (shown by vigorous playing on the reed organ) had ceased, there was silence.

I said: "They did well to kill him. Now that he is dead we can go home." She answered: "He returns to life." I groaned. The audience seemed to be beside itself with delight. "He catches the atmosphere exactly," said some one. There was repeated applause. I looked weary at the programme, and "last part" gladdened my eyes:

He finds himself in the midst of a group of hideous spectres, of sorcerers, and monsters of all forms, who have assembled together to attend his burial. Strange sounds, groans, loud peals of laughter, distant cries, to which other cries respond. The beloved melody reappears, but has lost its character of ignoble timidity: it has been transformed into an ignoble, trivial and grotesque dance. *She als* has come to join the ghastly throng. Yells of joy greet her arrival—she takes part in the diabolical orgie—funeral bells resound—a burlesque parody of *Dies irae* is heard. Next a witches' round dance. He continues to sleep.

In the midst of a terrible scraping of fiddle-strings, a puffing and blowing of bassoons, cornets, oboes and clarionets, a banging and crashing of cymbals, snare and bass-drums, a squeak from the fifes and flutes, tapping of the triangle, rumble from the reed organ, thumping of the piano, ringing of bells, pounding of feet, and strumming of the harps, I escaped as human laughter was being rendered on the guitar. To that fact alone I attribute the circumstances that I am able to write these lines for PUCK. Brought to by the fresh air and fortified a little internally, I had the strength to return. The performance was just over. They had left the morbidly sensitive musician asleep where they found him. The musicians had left the platform, but the enraptured audience was waiting for more.

Said Eva: "I could sit here always. Berlioz is truly classical."

* * *

When Eva and I left there seemed to be some discrepancy of opinion as to whether Berlioz's symphony would keep the audience transfixed, or whether the janitor would be enabled to lock up for the night. But, as he controlled the gas supply, I think he was master of the situation, and that before midnight the classicists must have been dispersed to their respective homes. I will yield to no one in admiration of the musical genius of Berlioz, but I sincerely hope that he has gone to some region where there are no return-checks.

ERNEST HARVIER.

FICTION.

No. 12 Contains:

THE HANDSOMEST GIRL IN CONNAUGHT—(Complete.)
LOT NO. 122—(Complete.)
A PROBLEM UNSOLVED—(Complete.)
JEANNE—(Chapters XXXV.—XXXVI.)
A STORY TOLD BEFORE A FIRE—(Complete.)
A HEADSTRONG HEROINE—(Completed in Two Parts.
Part Second.)

A THIRD EDITION

of that remarkable success,

"THE END OF NEW YORK,"
is now ready, and may be had of the publishers,

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Daly has struck oil at last. "The Passing Regiment," which was performed last Thursday night, is likely to draw large audiences for several months to come at DALY'S THEATRE. The plot is of thin texture, and is obviously German; but the play has been Americanized by Mr. Daly with considerable skill, so much so, that it is questionable if Messrs. Moser and Schönheim would be able to recognize their work. In a farcical comedy, complete preservation of the unities is not looked for, therefore many of the points in "The Passing Regiment" evoke laughter and applause more by their incongruity than by strict reflection of American manners and customs. Mr. Drew's work was capital as *Paul Dexter*, and not less admirable was that of Miss Rehan as *Tsika Msoff*, a Russian heiress. Mr. James Lewis, Mr. W. J. LeMoine, Mr. Charles Leclerc, Mr. George Parkes, Mr. Digby Bell, Mr. Harry M. Pitt, Miss May Fielding, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert were also in the cast, and were well fitted to their respective parts. The piece was richly mounted.

"Les Cloches de Corneville" is described as a most emphatic success at the METROPOLITAN CASINO, and the description is not far wide of the mark. On Sunday evening last a Mapleson concert was given here, in which M. Henri Prévost, Mlle. Lauri, Mlle. Sacconi, Signor Monti, and Signor Rasori took part. M. Prévost, the new tenor, makes the most of "di quella pira," and lets fly his high notes in the greatest profusion.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are an institution, and at present they have encamped at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and fired their first dramatic shot in the shape of "The Mighty Dollar," which now seems perennial. John Brougham's version of "Dombey & Son" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" form also part of their City of Churches repertory. "The Tourists" are announced for next week.

Miss Copleston's concert, last Thursday afternoon, at STEINWAY HALL, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The programme consisted exclusively of classical music, and was ably interpreted on the piano-forte by Miss Copleston, who exhibits much musical power and neatness of execution.

The Mapleson Opera Company served up to its patrons "il Barbiere de Siviglia" on Monday, with Mlle. Vachot as *Rosina*. All the new artists introduced so far by Mr. Mapleson have proved successes, so he is likely to have a prosperous season before him. "Lohengrin" to-night.

John McCullough is now at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE harrowing people's souls in "Virginia," with historically accurate costumes and elaborate paraphernalia, the same with which he made his London successes.

Mr. John Habberton's "Deacon Crankett" finds hosts of admirers at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. It is a bucolic and bountiful piece, if it is not up to the standards of Dumas and Sardou.

"Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, is already becoming as painfully monotonous as were "Hazel Kirke" and "The Professor." It's the sort of monotony, though, that the management likes.

Adelina Patti, without exception the greatest singer of the day, has taken the town by storm. She would have overwhelmed it altogether if her managers had not made the mistake of charging \$10 a seat.

AFTER THE ELECTION.



THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.—"Popular enthusiasm is a big thing; but I guess I've paid all I enjoy paying for this spontaneity. I'll have to put in a pretty busy term to make up for this."

We have "Patience" still at the STANDARD THEATRE, and are likely to continue to have it for ever so long, without being obliged to make any great sacrifice, either.

Rice's Opera Company is also giving "Patience" at BOOTH'S THEATRE. We shall be prepared to give the result of our comparisons with that of the STANDARD next week.

Mlle. Juliette Laurence, the *chantante internationale*, is dividing the honors at KOSTER & BIAL'S with the Rainiers and the Ladies' Philharmony.

Unless Mr. Abbey assures us to the contrary, we shall certainly believe that the Hanlon-Lees have taken a long lease of the PARK THEATRE.

Mr. J. St. Maur is acting as *avant courier* for the illustrious Italian tragedian who is now coursing through the country like a fiery meteor.

A word for the Carreno-Donaldi Saturday Night Concerts at BOOTH'S THEATRE. They are very good entertainments of their kind.

Answers Hoy the Anxious.

BIRDSEYE.—Thanks. See PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882. HASELTINE.—She's o'er the border and awa', wi' the Baron von Steuben.

C.—No, we won't put your contribution in the Rejected Addresses department. It is too good. But it is a shade too solid and serious for us. Send it somewhere where levity is at a discount.

THAT GOAT.

To the Editor of PUCK.—Sir:

In answer to your advertisement for a goat, would say that we have a first-class, high-toned one. His principal occupation was eating the contents of barrels on the sidewalks in front of the brown-stone buildings. The barrels were all burned on election night, and, like Othello, "his occupation's gone."

At present he is a little sick from an extraordinarily large supper of election-tickets. Please send a squad of regular soldiers for him, as he can clear the street of citizens and militia in the twinkling of an eye. Will guarantee him to suit.

GOAT TOWN.

The Town is the name of a new society publication edited and published by Mr. Maurice M. Minton. It presents a very neat appearance, and is evidently modeled after the style of the London *Truth* and *World*. There is a field for such a paper here, and the first number augurs well for the success of the venture.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

STILL ANOTHER.

A rather sedate young man,
A black cutaway-coat young man;
A very ironical,
Apt to despondical,
Down in the mouth young man.

EARLY BREAKFAST.

Now the early morn is waking
And the day begins to dawn,
Looking over last night's papers
I try in vain to suppress a yawn.
But alack! What is that I see before
Me.

Surley My eyes do not deceive
Cristobelle at last is married to
Wealth
I'll bet she is happy the Market to
leave.

She was gathering flowers when first
I saw her.

Some two or three summers ago
And had very well learned the task
that was set her.

Her Mama guiding Cupid's bow.
I turned poet the instant I saw her
And now I begin to reflect,
T'was her dress and sweet smile of
welcome
That had this peculiar effect.

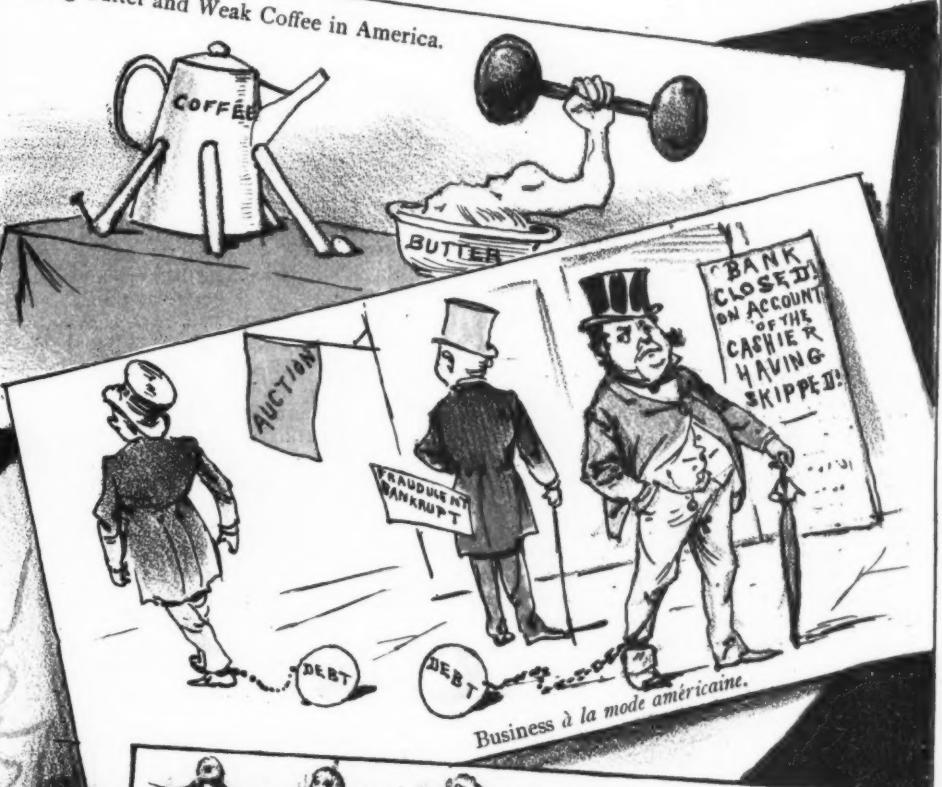
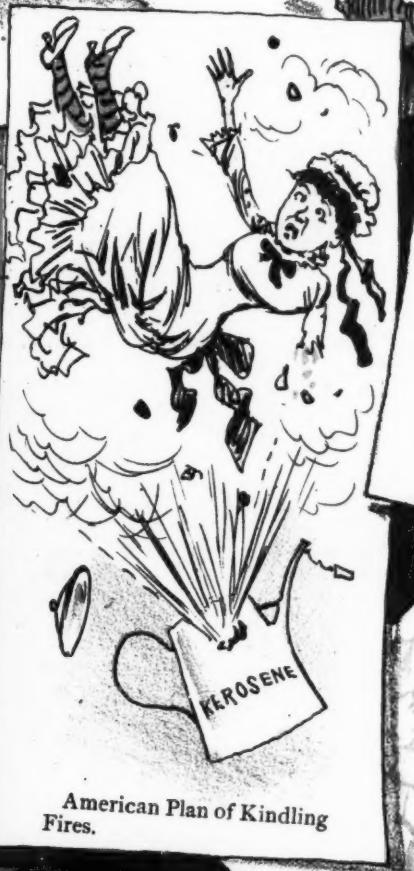
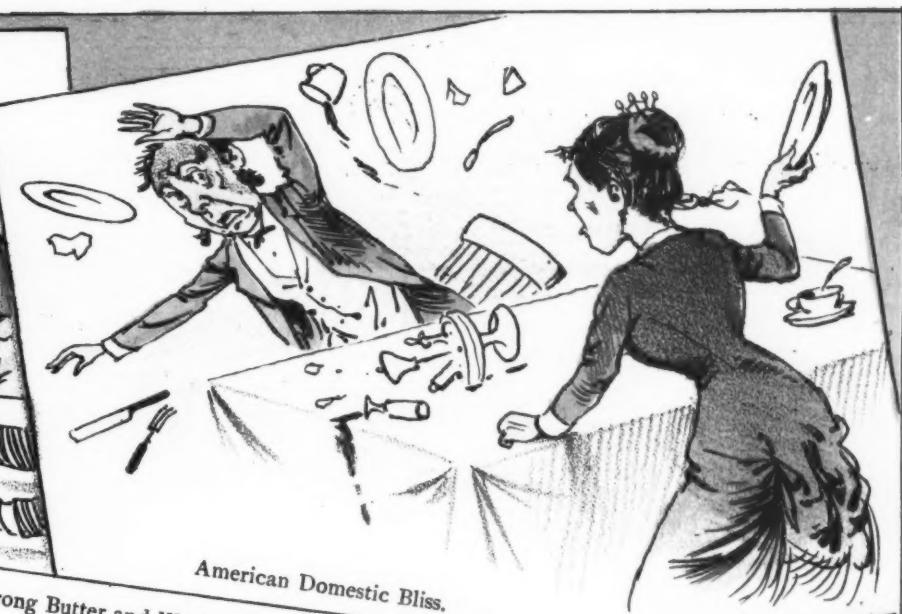
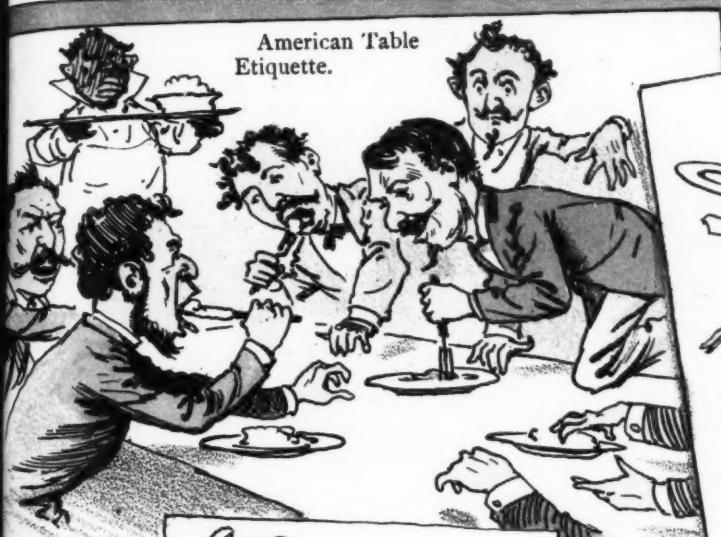
In less than a month She had promised
To take My Name for her own,
And I envy her husband his beautiful
wife

Here eating My breakfast alone.
But Why did We Never Marry?
I suppose you are going to ask.
Well! My banker took a trip to
Europe
So her Mama Set another task.

HENRY DUNBAR.



P U C.



MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

AMERICAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

TEMPERANCE AND THE MICROSCOPE.

[Inspired by a Microscopic Inspection of a Recent Sample of Croton.]

Fill me a glass of water bright!
Fill it up to the brim!
Let brisk animalculæ bask in its light,
Taking their playful swim:
Wriggling, squirming, jerking about,
Busy with frolic or strife,
This is the genuine *eau de vie!*
This is the "water of life!"

Believe me, now, 'tis a jolly scene
That the microscope here reveals:
The skippers playing at hide-and-seek
With the sportive bugs and eels;
The things like earwigs, and lots of things
Like nothing under the sun—
This is the beverage, seems to me,
For 'tis meat and drink in one.

Your whiskey contains no atom of life,
Nor wine, with its logwood and drugs,
But the most unfortunate, sad remains
Of thousands of dead little bugs;
For your boiling, brewing and malting too sure
The poor little innocents kill,
And the human is not the only life
That is wrecked by the worm of the still.

Then fill me a glass of water bright!
Fill it up to the brim!
Let the Diatomaceæ bask in its light,
And the whirling volvox swim;
And as I drain the "crystal fount,"
You see, at once I become,
To all intents and purposes—
A human A-qu-a-ri-um.

D. J. TAPLEY.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCC, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XVIII.—The Drummer's Academy.

Although I may be classed as a country bumpkin, I still cling to my habit of sauntering up Broadway occasionally. On Thursday last I met my friend Bridgers on that street. Perhaps I should say D. Harvey Bridgers, for he always wrote his name in that amusing way. Now, I had not seen Bridgers for about fifteen years, and naturally I was delighted to grasp his hand. We had studied in the same college at the same time, and, at that institution, Bridgers had been a really remarkable character. He had not distinguished himself by carrying off the collegiate honors, but by exhibiting his remarkable natural peculiarities and resources. No one else ever found himself in as many scrapes and difficulties as Bridgers did; and no one else ever could have pulled through those troubles as easily as he did. He possessed what is popularly known as the "gift of gab." Words ran off of his tongue as rapidly as they would have poured out of a hay cutter, if a dictionary had been chopped up therein. Anybody who could not have been persuaded that black was white, if Bridgers laid himself to prove that proposition, would certainly lack reasoning powers and all appreciation of logic. I have seen him conclusively prove to the president of the college that when a student desired to attend a circus, and the college faculty wished him to be present at a recitation, the college should yield, because no man can be in two places at the same time. In short, my fellow-student was known in the college as "Old Plausible."

Of course, when we graduated we all knew that Bridgers would succeed in the world. He had exactly the necessary qualities for success—cheek and plausibility. However, we drifted apart, and for many years kept apart. It was, then, with great pleasure that I grasped his hand when I met him, as I have said, on Broadway.

I could not help noticing that he had all the appearances of a well-to-do man. His clothes were of the latest cut, his tie was irreproachable, and his dainty boots were nicely polished. His form had filled out, and a slight fullness around the abdomen suggested that he must be familiar with the good things of the table. Altogether, he impressed me as a man who had many solid investments carefully tucked away.

"You look well," I remarked.

"Why shouldn't I? I am flourishing like a green bay-tree."

"What are you doing now?"

"Oh," replied he, "I am keeping an academy."

"An 'academy'?" I ejaculated, with surprise.

It had never for a moment seemed possible that Bridgers would engage in teaching the young idea how to shoot. Bridgers, however, laughed heartily when he noticed the expression on my face.

"I see," said he: "that you fail to comprehend the situation. I do not spend my time in caning and instructing fond mothers' darlings. My institution differs entirely from the ordinary school. I keep a drummer's academy."

My surprise was not in the least diminished.

"Really," said he: "it can't be that you, a man of the world, imagine that all the fellows who go through our land and engage in the delightful occupation of drumming, trust entirely to their native wits, and rely wholly upon their own unaided powers?"

I confessed that I had supposed so.

"Nonsense!" said he: "I educate the best of them. Left to their own resources, most of them would starve. I educate them, give them ideas, infuse them with a little suavity, a good deal of confidence, and an unlimited amount of cheek. Take a dozen drummers, and you'll find that they all use the same methods."

"Then there is something new under the sun," I remarked: "a drummer's academy!"

"Only a new application of an old principle," replied he: "Plato had an academy in which he taught the ancient Greeks how to talk a good living out of their fellows, and most academies are organized on that principle. Institutions of learning turn out lawyers and ministers. What do those professional gentlemen do? Why, simply talk a good living out of the rest of humanity. At the base of every institution of learning is the eternal principle—*gab*. On that principle I have founded my academy."

"It must be interesting."

"Come up and see it," said Bridgers: "I'll trot out my best pupils, and give you a specimen of my system."

"But I may trouble you."

"Trouble me!" exclaimed Bridgers: "You'll be a prize. I'm always delighted to have callers, because I allow my pupils to experiment, practically, upon visitors."

I went with Bridgers to his academy. There was an immense room, in which was congregated a number of men and women. Such an infernal hubbub I never heard. Everybody was talking at the same time. If Demosthenes could have practised in that hall, he would have escaped his journeys to the ocean.

"Silence!" cried Bridgers.

Instantly quiet fell upon the assemblage. You could have heard a pin drop, if all the females had not fastened their pins securely.

"First class in book-canvassing advance," said Bridgers.

Three men and two women approached us.

"Miss Trahon," said Bridgers: "what are we canvassing now?"

"The 'Apotheosis of Satan,'" answered a rather pretty young woman.

"Now, Lot," said Bridgers: "sit in that chair, and put a cigar in your mouth and your feet on the table."

I followed his instructions.

"Miss Trahon," continued Bridgers: "you will endeavor to sell Mr. Lot a copy of our book, and the rest of the class will watch your performances."

Miss Trahon approached me.

"Good morning, sir," said she, in her sweetest way, which I assure you was not to be sneezed at for sweetness.

Being naturally polite, I responded courteously.

"Oh, be gruff, Lot," said Bridgers: "don't give in easily. Be tough!"

"It's a fine day," said she, as she drew a chair near me.

"Hum," said I, gruffly.

She sat down in the chair, and she smiled so nicely, and looked in my face so tenderly that I really thought she was nice enough to eat. If Mrs. Lot had been there, I'm afraid she would have thought that book-canvasser was too sweet to live. However, I looked as stern as I could.

"I'm introducing to the American people," said she, speaking very rapidly: "a remarkable book—in fact, I may say the most remarkable book ever written. It is called the 'Apotheosis of Satan.' Was there ever such a remarkable title? And the book is as remarkable as the title."

If she had been a man I should have bounced her then and there, but I must confess that it was very pleasant to have her sweet blue eyes gaze into mine, and to hear the honeyed words drop from her ruby lips.

"Oh, I've never been introduced to Satan," said I, somewhat rudely.

"Of course not," said she: "and that's the very point. Every man should become familiar with the great mystical powers of the universe. The author of the book has developed an entirely new theory. He holds that Satan, having once been a sort of subordinate deity, will again, after the lapse of ages, be deified. It's the most interesting book I ever read. Novels are nowhere compared with it, and that's an extraordinary admission for a woman to make. The language borders on the sublime. The sentences roll on one after another, like the great waves of the ocean, every one sweeping you nearer to the haven. The type is large and the binding is simply magnificent. But the remarkable things in the book are the illustrations, and they all grow out of the text. Now, let me show you—"

She had spoken at such race-horse speed that I could not worry a word in edgeways; but, as she made a slight pause here, I remarked, quite sharply:

"But I don't wish to buy the book."

"Oh," said she: "that isn't the question. It's no trouble to show it to you. Now observe that picture. That represents the lower regions lit up by a calcium light. See the devils shoveling coal, and all the little fellows prodding Satan's guests with red-hot pitch-forks. Notice the next picture. The book is full of them, and they are all first-class in workmanship, and—"

"But—" urged I.

"Now, don't say you don't want it," said she, hitching her chair a trifle nearer, and looking at me so beseechingly that I was strongly tempted to take her up in my arms and hug her: "you surely will not refuse to buy one copy. I'm sure you will enjoy yourself while perusing it. I can see that you are a man of refined literary tastes, and I am certain that you will appreciate the book. Think how you will feel, if anyone hereafter should ask you if you had read this book, and you should be compelled to admit that you had not. Besides, at the price, it is extraordinarily cheap. Why—but you'll let me put you down for a copy?"

"Yes, yes," said I: "put me down."

I could stand it no longer, and so I surrendered.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed she, looking at me as Sophonisba does at Augustus during courtship: "but don't you think you ought to take a copy for your wife? It would be cruel to deprive her of the pleasure—"

"No," interrupted I: "I sometimes think she's related."

"Oh, then it will be doubly interesting as a family history. I'm sure your wife—"

"No," I exclaimed: "but you can put my mother-in-law down for a copy."

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed: "but still, I think your wife—"

"There, there," interrupted Bridgers: "that will do. I find that beginners always make that mistake. It's one that should be avoided. Never drive a man to the wall; you may want to persuade him to purchase on some other occasion. The class is dismissed."

Thereupon the book-canvassers retired to their seats.

"How do you like it?" asked Bridgers.

"Like it!" ejaculated I: "They say that eels would not object to skinning, if they could only get familiar with the operation. Perhaps I may like drummers, but I fear it will be some years hence."

"Pshaw!" said Bridgers: "she's only a neophyte."

"In Heaven's name, then," cried I: "what are the high priests like?"

"I'll show you," said he.

Then he called up the class of lightning-rod canvassers.

"Mr. Smith," said he: "sell Mr. Lot a lightning-rod. Now, Lot," added he, turning to me: "be gruff, be hard, be as tough as you conveniently can."

I resolved that I would.

"Good morning, Mr. Lot," said Smith, in the smoothest and softest tone imaginable.

Talk about butter not melting in a man's mouth! Why, ice-cream would never have dissolved inside that fellow's teeth. I did not say anything in response to his salutation.

"I was passing by, Mr. Lot," said he: "and I thought I'd call in—"

"I don't want anything," I said, as gruffly as I could.

"Of course you don't, Mr. Lot. You misunderstand me. I have been informed that you are one of the most intelligent citizens in this town."

I defy any one to prevent his bosom from swelling when such a remark is poured into his ear.

"And I merely dropped in," continued Smith: "because nothing gives me greater pleasure than to submit a little invention I have with me to a man of intelligence."

"I don't want it," I said, sharply.

"I understand that," said Smith: "but I should like to show it to you; for I believe that a man of your intelligence will appreciate it, and I'd rather have it appreciated by one man as intelligent as you are than to have a hundred ignorant persons buy it."

What could I say after that remark? However, I shook my head vigorously. Smith paid no attention to that, but went on, in his smooth, soft way, taking, meanwhile, from his pocket the instrument of which he had spoken.

"Now," continued he: "you can see at a glance, Mr. Lot, that this thing is unique and original. Other people might not see that without a long explanation, but a man of your intelligence will notice that fact at once. Now, you know, there are two kinds of electricity, positive and negative. Most lightning-rod makers act on the theory that people don't know such things. When they come across a man of intelligence, however, they are found out. Now, our lightning-rod is built for intelligent persons, for people who keep themselves on a level with science. You notice that it is provided with

two points. One is for the positive electricity and the other for the negative. Suppose positive and negative electricity are both present in the atmosphere at one time, then, by the ordinary rod, one kind will be carried off while the other kind will burn the house. By our system both kinds are carried off, and the house is safe."

I was interested in spite of myself. The idea was an original one, and it struck me that it was not to be sneezed at.

"Now," continued he: "that very thing happened in the next town. Two houses stood side by side. One had the old kind of rod, and the other had our kind. Both were struck: the one with the old kind of rod was burned to the ground, the other was uninjured. It was negative electricity that did the work. The old style of rod was built to carry off positive electricity; ours was made to carry off both."

I had quite forgotten that I was to be gruff. The fellow was decidedly interesting and entertaining.

"I was looking at your house," continued he: "as I came along. Your rod is a negative electricity rod. Now, the scientific men have determined that positive electricity will be the prevailing style this year. Your house, then, has absolutely no safeguard. It may be burned at any time. You should increase your insurance or take one of our rods."

I was scrutinizing the model he had placed in my hands, and I forgot where I was.

"How much do they cost?" I asked.

"Oh, they're very moderate, and we give six months' time."

Still looking at the model, and forgetting that I was not at home, I remarked, reflectively:

"I think I'll have one."

I was recalled to myself by a roar from Bridgers. I looked up, and then I remembered that the whole thing was an experiment.

"That will do, Mr. Smith," said Bridgers.

The class in lightning-rods retired to their seats, leaving me with a sheepish look on my face.

"What do you think of that?" asked Bridgers.

"I forgot myself," replied I: "and thought I was at home, and that the whole thing was real."

"Of course you did," said he: "I may remark, however, that Mr. Smith is one of my ablest pupils. His manner is superb, and he knows how to adapt himself to the customer."

"I should like to feel of his face."

"Feel of his face—what for?"

"Just to see if his cheeks are not made of brass."

"Nonsense," said Bridgers: "it's a matter of education. Any man that has passable natural abilities can be brought to that point."

"I'd like to have him try his hand on my mother-in-law. She'd beat him."

"Oh, he's powerful with women. He'd have your mother-in-law covered with lightning-rods in less than fifteen minutes."

"Don't let him come near her, then," said I, hastily: "There is no sense in throwing away chances, and lightning may strike her, you know."

I went away with a very strong impression that the drummer's academy was an immense success.

"I vant as you write me a nice leetle notiz," said a prominent pawnbroker th's week to his assistant. "I 'ave a vatch vot cost me tree dollars und a halef, und I vant vot you write a paragraph dot Uncle Schnoozer has a nearly new gold vatch, dot cost \$150, und he sells it for \$35. Joust put dot in der Cull and Chronicle, and pick out mit yourself dat vatch and schrubb him goot. Derty-five dollars vas a vearful sacrifice, but ton't you take less as ten dollars, anyhow.—S. F. News-Letter.

IN THE forenoon of life man has an idea that it would take a mighty big church to hold his friends, if they should all be drawn to the same sanctuary at the same time. But ere the dentist has put in his second set of teeth he has about come to the conclusion that one of the short pews near the stove would not be crowded if they should all sit down together to warm their feet.—*Winston (N. C.) Leader*.

THE people down East need not laugh at our Western ways of doing business. It amounts to about the same thing all round, after all. We rob railroad trains and mountain stages, and our neighbors down East keep Summer hotels. And, dearly beloved, allow us to say that the difference in methods doesn't make a continental bit of difference to the traveler.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"OH YES," said Mrs. Brown, as she surveyed with evident pleasure her little parlor side-board, covered with old china and decorated with highly-colored tiles: "Mr. B. remarked last night that I was becoming quite an atheist," and the old lady's countenance fairly beamed with delight as her eyes rested on a sixteen-cent Japanese teapot.—*Newark (N. J.) Call*.

THEY are bragging a good deal about one locomotive in New Jersey that goes one hundred miles an hour, but a Third Street youth who went serenading last evening returned home at the rate of one hundred and three miles an hour, and had a spotted dog hung to the prologue of his trousers at that.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

A PREACHER who took for his text: "He giveth his beloved sleep," after talking for three-quarters of an hour got out of his pulpit, remarking: "I guess you're all his beloved, but I wish the chosen in the front pew wouldn't snore so."—*S. F. News-Letter*.

FOUR COMETS are now visible, but it is too thundering cold to hang on the front gates. Comets, to be useful to the younger generation, should appear only on moonlight nights in Summer.—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE boy who said he ached to be a circus performer, had just fallen off a bar while practising.—*Boston Post*.

BABY'S WARNING.

When baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight;
When worms do bite, baby must cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no CASTORIA,
For mothers learn without delay,
CASTORIA cures by night and day.

Speaking of reading, it may not be amiss to mention the fact that Keppler & Schwarzmann's new publication, *Fiction*, appears to be a decided success. The jolly German owners of *PUCK* are to be congratulated upon having another good iron in the fire. The new journal is designed to fill a hitherto empty place in light literature—that of a weekly story paper which shall supply novels, novelettes and sketches of a higher order than those contained in the flash weeklies, but not above the appreciation of all classes of readers. * * * The first two numbers of the paper have already appeared, and there is little doubt of its success. The opening serial, "Jeanne," is written in a lucid, easy style, and is, so far, full of dramatic interest. The other serial, "Love is Blind," is charmingly written, and already exhibits great cleverness in the delineation of character. The first novelette, complete in two parts, is called "Buck Thorpe's Bride." It is something on the Bret Harte order, but a little above that gentleman's ordinary plane. The mere mention of "Pinafore" may be a detraction from its merits in the eyes of some readers, but it is a good story, based on a genuinely dramatic incident and finely handled. Of the sketches in the first number, "A Virtue of Necessity" is fresh, original and sprightly. In the second number there is a good short story called "An Attic Hero," which if slightly improbable, is still neatly handled. The other short sketch is called "Three Trips" and signed G. H. Jessop, whom everyone knows. It is a pretty little bit of the romance of that queer life known only to Bohemians and actors.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

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I WISH I had that overcoat
That I was wont to wear;
I'd button it around my throat,
And scorn this chilly air.
But nary overcoat have I,
Ah, cruel, cruel joke;
It was to keep from going dry,
I put the coat "in soak."
—Evansville Argus.

"MADELINE" sends us a sweet poem, beginning, "The winds are never idle." Dog gone it, no, Madeline, neither is a sixty-day note. It can lay clear over new cider in a warm October for working. We don't take a cent's worth of interest in busy winds, but the sixty-day note is what lifts us where the capillary growth is abbreviated.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"You were not riding this afternoon, were you, Cicily, my dear?" inquired her intimate, last evening. "No. Don't you think my dear little pony has the pinkeye? Isn't that dreadful? And a dark-red pony, at that. How unbecoming to his complexion!"—*Tom Weaver, in New Haven Register*.

[Evansville, (Ind.) Journal.]

Mr. Frank S. Mueller, 925 W. Franklin street, cited to a *Journal* reporter the case of Mr. Henry Rhenick, who for four years suffered with Rheumatism, which was cured by the use of two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil.

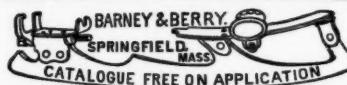
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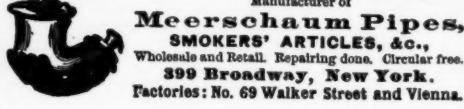
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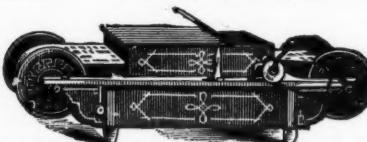
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A SOMERVILLE butcher, who had a dozen of pounds of sausages stolen from his store the other day, says that Darwin is not the only man who has been anxious to discover the missing links.—*Somerville Journal*.

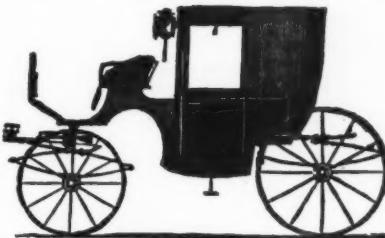
"I HAVEN'T seen you at church, lately, Mr. Fogg," said Parson Shallowtext. "No," replied Fogg: "I read in the newspaper that physicians say it is not healthy to sleep in the daytime."—*Boston Transcript*.

THERE IS something radically wrong about our professions when a pious minister only gets forty cents for joining a couple, and a wicked lawyer gets forty dollars for untying the same.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A TEXAS man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

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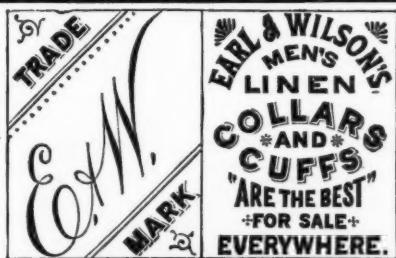
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ARIZONA JACK tried to conduct all the festivities in Gunnison, Col., and now he is a dime-novel angel; but it is feared that he will not be able to fly with so much lead in him—*Boston Globe*.

IT takes the pretzel: When the Chicago man saw Niagara, he shed tears. "Durn it," said he: "I ain't enough of a liar to describe it and make it out any bigger than it is. I'm floored."—*Boston Post*.

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And men who erstwhile "set up" beer,
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—Evansville Argus.

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[Fond du Lac Commonwealth.]

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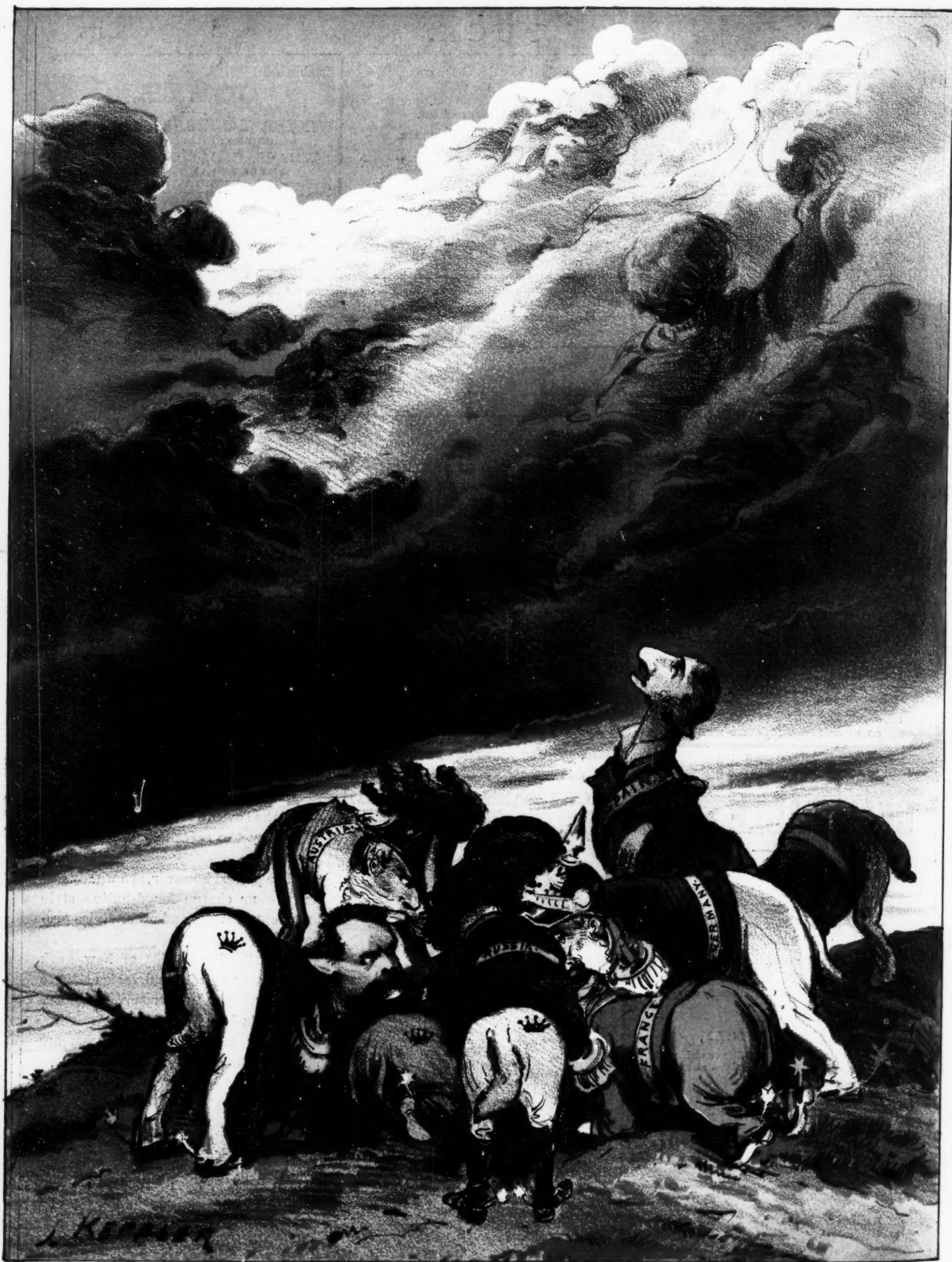
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